

Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problem of a Girl Wife

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CHAPTER CXXLVIII
"Nose out of joint, dear?" asked Jim when we were alone in our little sanctum after our guests had departed.

I turned absent-mindedly from the precious telegram I was rereading for about the dozenth time, and asked:

"You mean because there's going to be a new bride in the family after Father Andrew arrives, and I'll be relegated to the ranks of the old marrieds?"

"Miss Innocence!" scoffed Jim. "I meant delicately to convey that Val is getting back into her old form again and that she cut you out completely with Shelly to-night."

"Oh—Shelly!" I cried. "She's welcome—twice over. You know I'm not much on flirting with other men since I have you, Jimmie-boy. Besides," I concluded, nestling in the arms Jim put out to take me, "Shelly wasn't a bit glad to see me. I was Phoebe he wanted. He's inventing all sorts of excuses to lure her into a tete-a-tete these days."

"What's that? Phoebe?" demanded Jim sharply. "The kid hasn't eyes for anyone but Neal."

"I think Shelly's pretending to be heart-broken over the way Jeanie treated him. Fancy that," I replied, not tender-hearted little Phoebe's either unnecessarily sorry for him or she puts up with his nonsense to keep him from bothering Jeanie and Pat. Is Shelly a cad or a fool, Jim? Or a bit of both?"

"Oh, he's harmless," laughed Jim. "But when two sisters conspicuously drop him as Jeanie and Phoebekins have—even though one did it for such an important person as a husband—it kind of hits him where he lives in his pride. All he's sticking around for is to convince the world that he's as good a friend to the whole Harrison family as ever he was. Now, let's plan a bang-up wedding feast and a bank-upper wedding gift for the kiddies and forget Shelly."

"Price no object?" I asked, running my fingers through my boy's hair.

"The sky's the limit," replied Jim. "If that gusher of ours down Mexico-way continues to gush, we're going to be lined with diamonds soon and our whole bunch will ride round in cars with gold fittings."

"Neal, too?" I asked.

"Surest thing you know. He's got his wad in my pet stock and his earnings will put him where he'll be on Easy street, even if the real estate business forswears this profiteering stuff and goes in for foundation charity homes. I got the whole bunch in. Terry can use a little cash, you know. And though Pat and Lane and Uncle Ned don't need it so badly, nor do I, I thought it only decent to give 'em the inside track."

"Not Shelly?" I asked.

"Lay off Shelly. He's got you thinking in circles, dear. Sure, Shelly's got his mite in. Now for

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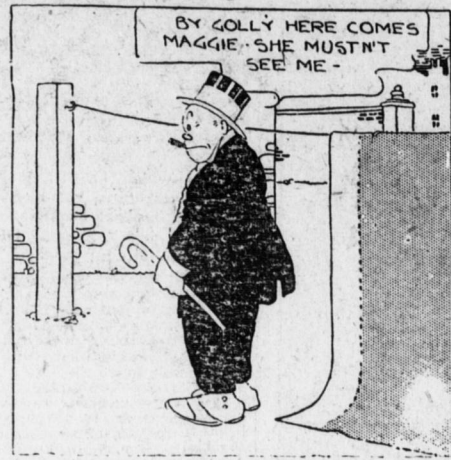
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INDIVIDUAL PROMOTION

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXXXI

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The words were spoken. To David they seemed to echo through the room.

For a moment the girl in front of him did not move, but sat, her eyes fixed on him, every drop of color ebbing from her face.

"You mean," she whispered at last, "that you are the David DeLaine who was Miss Jeanie's nephew?"

"Oh, let me think, please. I cannot understand it," she begged pressing her hand to her eyes.

He walked away from her and stood at the window, his back to the room.

Outside the rain was still falling. He walked away from her and stood at the window, his back to the room.

The street lamps revealed the wet and glistening pavements.

His thoughts went back to a night years ago when his father lay dying. David had then stood by a window in the Baltimore home and gazed out into the street. The pavements had looked then just as they did to-night. Even now he recalled the grip of pain at his heart as he appreciated the fact that his father had heard his confession. Would she slip out of his life as completely as if she were dead?

With a sudden resolution he wheeled about and returned to her. She dropped her hands from her eyes as he approached, but did not look up.

"You knew," she said so softly that he had to bend to hear the words, "who you were when you came here? I mean—did you know this I knew Miss Jeanie DeLaine?"

"I was not sure if you were the Miss Leighton of whom I had heard her speak. After I had been here for a little while I was convinced that you were."

"What convinced you?"

"I saw your initials on your bag, but what made me certain was cause, as I have already tried to explain, I had faith in you. So please—if you believe what I say, let us talk no more about it."

"And you forgive me," she exclaimed. "You forgive me—and actually understand?"

"Yes," she said. "I understand—so, while I am nothing to forgive. That is what French people say, you know—'To comprehend is to pardon.'"

"Miss Leighton," he implored, all sense of caution swept from him. "I have another confession to make. From the first time I ever saw you I knew there was never anybody else like you—that you were the only one."

Again she checked him. "Don't bother to tell me," she murmured, a smile playing about her lips. "I know that, too."

"You know that I love you," he burst forth, seizing her hand. "Oh, dear, dear, dear, what am I doing? I tried to hide it. Why did you—how could you?"

"Because," and she laughed softly while a beautiful color flooded her face—the eyes of love are not blind, but preternaturally so.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Nan?" exclaimed Helen Lawson, as she found her friend sobbing broken-heartedly.

"Oh," cried Nan, "it's that wretched cornstarch pudding. This is the first luncheon I've given since I was married, and I wanted to have everything so nice, and my pudding is thin and lumpy, and—and, impossible."

"Never mind, dear," soothed Helen. "I'm so glad I came early to help you. We'll have Puddine, and everyone will think you are the smartest little bride in the country."

The luncheon was a wonderful success, and the dessert—a delicious, rich chocolate blanc mange—enjoyed by everyone.

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed Nan gratefully to Helen. "Tell me all about that marvelous dessert!"

"It's just Puddine," smiled Helen, "an economical, easy-to-make dessert that always turns out right—a firm, smooth mold of rich chocolate, cream vanilla, rose vanilla, orange, lemon—in fact, your favorite flavor."

"How do you make it?" asked Nan. "Why," her friend replied, "all you have to do is to add sugar and milk—either fresh or condensed—and boil for three minutes. The best part of it is that it has so many uses. Puddine makes delicious pie fillings and rich, velvety ice cream. Used as a cake flavor, it adds to the richness of the cake."

"And is it expensive?" questioned Nan. "No, a 15c box of Puddine will serve 15 people, and of course you need use only as much of the box at a time as you need. I certainly am glad to know about it. I can assure you that I shall never again be without it."

"Puddine," said her friend, "is my standby. It's a delicious all-around dessert that tops off any meal. You can buy Puddine at your grocer's—Adv.

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

keen. That was why I understood you and trusted you—David. [To Be Continued]

"Don't tell me you're one of those people who think a marriage ought to be an affair of prison walls," said Edgar, argumentatively.

"I'm not," I replied, wondering just what phase of "freedom of the individual" was engaging Edgar's attention now. "I think marriage ought to offer people a blessed opportunity to live their lives fully and completely."

I confess I knew that committed me to nothing and might lead Edgar to commit himself to a great deal.

"Then I can talk to you," replied the young man with great satisfaction, leaning back in his big wicker chair and filling a pipe with an air that indicated a masculine determination to pour out his heart.

After a minute he burst out: "Can you see any reason why I find myself stranded over a weekend in a strange city and a friend of mine knows a couple of nice girls, and the four of us travel around to dinners and theaters and have a

good time. I shouldn't continue the friendship?"

"One thing at a time," I insisted. "Don't you want to know first of all if I think you ought to travel around gaily as one of the party of four?"

"Some folks would say it was all wrong," conceded Edgar. "I'm not one of them," I replied gravely. "If the man was a very good friend and the girls were good friends of his and everybody knew you were married, then the whole situation was open and above board and needn't mean a particle of harm to anyone."

But why were you stranded over the weekend? Did you have to stay over Sunday to keep an early Monday morning appointment?"

Edgar had the grace to blush. "No, I could have got out Saturday night. But I had such a dandy time with these folks Friday and Saturday, and they knew I was married, and it didn't seem to make any difference, and it was so long since I'd been one of the boys like that. So I just stayed."

"Playing the misunderstood husband role?" I ventured positively.

"How do you know?" began Edgar, and then turning it into an inward, "I know you—and a lot of other young men folks who marry at twenty-five and find themselves ten years later with a tricky

ture him a bit without endangering his affection.

"Laddie," said I, "don't you realize that impression those young folks got from the fact that you stay away from Beth over Sunday when you didn't have to? Don't you see that they couldn't help feeling that she wasn't completely necessary to you and not completely congenial either? You just staying away from her like that put Beth in a position that cheapened and belittled her."

"That was a bad start, and your suspicious old friend feels that you probably followed it up by posing as the misunderstood hero, they took you for. And pretty soon you probably began to contrast the freshness of those girls who weren't wives and mothers with a lot of responsibility and work with the strained look Beth generally wears."

They were now and—different, weren't they Edgar? And the question you want to ask next is if it would be wrong for you to run over and see them the next time you're in the neighborhood?"

"How did you know?" gasped Edgar.

"Because, you dear young scamp," I answered, "I know you—and a lot of other young men folks who marry at twenty-five and find themselves ten years later with a tricky

longing to play-pretend at being a gay young bachelor again.

"Don't you suppose that Beth ever longs to forget the children and the spring housecleaning and the ice-man's bills, and to have a pretty new dress she didn't contrive out of last year's frock or pick up at an end-of-the-season bargain sale? Don't you realize that she's sweet and pretty? If Beth had more time to keep up with current events and dance steps and fashions, she might be rather a belle with men to whom she was new, uncharted territory, and who didn't think of her first and foremost and all the time as your wife. Suppose she tried it?"

"I never thought of that," replied Edgar blankly. Still, it was kind of a lark to get away and prance about like a colt for that weekend. Only I don't suppose I ought to send that pretty black-eyed girl my photograph as I promised."

"No," I said dryly. "I suppose not."

"Do I have—to tell Beth?" asked Edgar. "Is that my punishment?"

"No," I said sadly. "It's hers. And yours is to inflict it."

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